

# The Mirror

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

**I** NOTICE that the editor of the woman's page of "The Journal" of late, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Suffragettes.

In a paragraph headed, "A Brutal Attack," she expressed the utmost horror over the treatment meted out by an enraged crowd, to some obnoxious women who continually interrupted a meeting of Lloyd George's, at some town in Wales.

She writes: "Surely the story cannot but strike horror to the heart of every Canadian man or woman—whether suffragette, suffragist, anti—or nothing."

Let me be "nothing" and answer her.

I read the account, I was shocked.

But I am shocked every time I read the outrages perpetrated by the militant suffragettes in the name of Women who desire the vote.

When women forget their womanhood, and stone and smash, and bite and fight, and conduct themselves generally like lilliputian Fish-wives, or dogs in the street, then were I a man I would deal with them on the same plane.

They want equality.

They want to meet man on his own footing.

Then let them.

A man who interrupted a meeting as they did, would be chucked out, and without much ceremony.

Are they falling back on their womanhood to protect them?

Surely not, when they have just been clamoring for equal rights?

Equal means equal, not the other fellow's and their own particular prerogatives as well.

I am afraid these Suffragettes and others also, forget that men who find themselves flouted and subjected to all kinds of insults, are not liable to be very patient or particular as to the manner in which they handle women disturbers of the peace, when those very women are the first ones to forget their own sex, and the dignity and gentleness it is supposed to confer upon and demand from them.

If you are going in for equality, go in for it. Don't holler the moment you get the first slap back.

I never look back over the pages of history, and note the sacrifices that men have made through all the ages for women, and which have been accepted by them, but that my blood boils for the majority of my sex that we should have the shame of these women's conduct, laid at our sex's door.

I have never found the loudest shouters, and agitators the most courageous, or heroic.

I never remember hearing that firebrands were successful for sticking to their posts, or insisting on being placed along the front line of attack.

If women are determined to grasp what, having men's special privileges up to date, let them take the fortunes of war, and the responsibilities they entail.

When that time comes, Chivalry will have been slain.

Women and Weakness will no longer be synonymous terms.

We must come to avail ourselves of our old-time rights of Refrger, Tears and our Sex.

It must be shoulder to shoulder, or nothing.

And if it is that, how can we cry out if we murder, and they hang us?

How take a tired man's seat in a street car?

How accept his theater reservation, paid for with the same good money we paid for ours?

How exultate over his post, or his deed?

How take offense if they cheat us in a deal?

What say, if when a Titanic goes down, they push with their man's strength for a place in the life boats?

How take all their hard work, their daily sacrifices—

The position is preposterous. One can't face North and South at the same time.

Cry out, "look out for us, the gentle sex, when at the same time we are fighting like wild cats, tooth and nail."

Let us be consistent for any sake, and until we forswear our rights, learn to conduct ourselves like the ladies we pride ourselves we are.

**D**O you know the thing that amazes me most about this progressive city of ours? It is the absolute lack of being able to get the simplest repairs made, or the most necessary ordinary demands for help complied with.

I want, we will say, a lock repaired. The lock on a trunk.

I try a hardware shop, having already been informed by the only locksmith I know of in town, that he couldn't touch it, under two weeks.

Can't he send a man up, it wouldn't take him ten minutes?

"Impossible. Couldn't think of promising under the fortnight advertisement."

Then it is that the hardware shop suggests itself. "Never send a man out," I am informed, "Can't get men to fill regular shop orders."

Hailed, I try a carpenter.

He comes. Nothing doing.

The only thing he can suggest is that we take the locks off, and we send them to a trunk and harness shop.

In taking them off, something slips another cog, and when they come back they don't fit into their old places.

Then I send down trunk and locks, and get taxed \$1.75 for a new lock. A man who understood his business could have set the old one right in a few minutes.

Of all the fields down to a man in Edmonton, I can think of no one that would provide more steady employment than to a clever tinkering Jack of All Trades, who understood his business.

Not a house hardly but needs the services of such a man every little while.

You want him to put storm doors on. You want him to fit screen windows.

Something needs tinkering with here, and a little something else is out of kilter there.

But the man of "little trades," the scissors grinder, the umbrella mender, the locksmith, and all the other useful little craftsmen, if they ever do come to Edmonton, soon sigh for bigger things.

They turn curb-broker. They take up a new trade.

Soon the man, "handy with his tools," will be as extinct as the Dodo.

The city is full of carpenters who can't carp, of cross-eyed bricklayers, roofers who cannot roof, and stenographers who can't write a straight sentence to save their lives.

It takes brains to follow any calling, and most people prefer to gamble.

There are more men following lines of work to which they are unfitted, and fewer craftsmen engaged in their own particular lines in town, than in probably any other city in the Dominion of Canada.

This makes, as I have remarked, for the difficulty of living in our midst. When the city shakes down a bit, no doubt it will remedy itself, but in the meantime—out go the dollar and seventy-five cents for a twenty-five cent job.

We are acquiring the expensive habit of casting things aside we would have once considered well worth the repairing.

It is the adding by that much, to the already sky-high cost of living.

**O**F course the explanation of this very annoying state of affairs is not far to seek.

We are trying to fit an overgrown boy into very diminutive pair of knickers.

In size, he was long ago ready for long, and the last year or so he has made him appear very rich in knee pants. But what are you going to do about it?

We want him to grow.

We keep on ordering him new roundabouts, but by the time they are ready, he is several inches taller and ready for bigger things.

This is why shoes all over the city are being held up in course of construction.

This is why we run short of bricks and lumber, and window casings, and this size of screws, and another size of everything else.

This is why the furniture stores are always "just out" of the article you want, and the electric light fitting man, can't supply you with either the help or fixtures you require. They are up against it just as you are.

They want your business, some signs, sometimes to do nothing. But they can't get their stock here fast enough.

And some of them haven't dreamed big enough dreams in the past.

They had the Eastern vision and the eyes of the West must be far-seeing prophetic ones, that discern cities where are only vacant pastures. The littleland man has no place in the Western scheme of things.

To illustrate this I have only to look back over my own seven years' experience in Edmonton.

Where can we here, be brought along with us our Eastern short-sightedness.

We had been accustomed to seeing things "crawl" at home.

Here they "leapt."

They "leapt" and promitted, and surrounded themselves with such a state of topey-topydom, as made me believe we had come to a mad, but in fact, to a sane world.

Buildings shot up in a night.

Back East, only mushrooms did that.

Civilians voted the most amazing sums for local improvements at a single sitting.

We generally mostly just sat, in the town that I was born in, and did nothing.

We heard people talking land values, and gasped—and believed they had suddenly gone mad.

Everybody was doing it.

The little maid in the kitchen owned a lot in Detroit.

Heaven alone knows how she paid for it.

The young dry goods clerk had a lot in the Great North-west, and a shack in Norway.

Everyone had the mysterious air of having something up his sleeve.

And we knew how to turn out a newspaper, and so, handicapped, still by our life-long home associations, we put the money the land was calling for, into a legitimate business,—with the not unusual result of losing it.

Yet listen—about our past experience to profit by what we passed up.

In February, 1907, Mountfield and Graves were advising in the Saturday News, Detroit lots at \$200.00.

Brunton and Hitchens in March of that year, quoted Lynwood lots, between Westmount and Glenora, at \$200.00 and \$250.00.

Westgrove was selling at from \$125.00 to \$150.00.

In April, 1908, I see we had an option advertised for the south-west corner of Jasper Ave. and Fifth St., giving 106 2/3 feet on Jasper, at \$50.00 which works out at about \$500 a foot. The present market price, I understand is \$1,800 per foot.

Two lots on the Corner of Victoria Ave. and 15th St. were to be had on good terms, at \$2,800.

A corner lot on Fraser and Queens avenues, with a house of seven rooms, was going for \$1,850 with a cash payment of \$700.00 down.

As soon as the High Level Bridge is completed, No. 1 traffic will pass this way, then that any other business corner in town. A sure winner."

The same firm also called attention to the following lot:

Lot on Fourth St., on the east side, and south of Peace Ave., with a house and stable, \$150.00.

The spur-track runs down the lane. This is a chance to make \$100.00 in less than three weeks, and you can have the house and barn away."

"\$150.00 for 3 lots on Second St., the corner of Peace Ave. A situation second to none on the market for an hotel or warehouse site."

In 1905 Norwood was bringing from \$70.00 to \$100.00 a lot.

Seton Smith, I see, quoted twenty-five feet, the same year, opposite the Post Office, at \$150.00.

Three lots on Eighth St. corner of the H. B. R., and facing the railway, at \$125, eight hundred down, and the balance in two years.

W. S. Weeks, in Jan. 1906 could supply a double corner on Jasper at \$80.00.

A choice lot on First St. at \$200.

Two lots on First St. facing the station at \$27.50.

Lots on 8th St., just south of Jasper, were selling at \$25.00 apiece.

The corner of Jasper and Tenth St. was listed by Mr. Harbottle at \$50.00.

Westgrove was being sold in acre blocks by William Taylor at from \$150.00 on, this situation on Jasper Ave. and adjoining the Great Estate.

Seton Smith had a lot on 13th St. on good terms, at \$80.00.

But the opportunities were endless, then, as now, when there were occasionally about the city.

You heard a good deal about wild-cattling. It is to smile, as one looks back.

Of course the gamblers got their reward.

Some men like the prophets, do see things unrecognized by the mob.

I don't believe it's all chance with them.

We are trying to fit an overgrown boy into very diminutive pair of knickers.

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forward in their ranks since then, it looks as if the men of Lowell's show that they are talking about.

I believe that men of brains can beat a machine any day, but I don't think they can do it by purposeless talk, and idle day-dreams.

Some people thought that Woodrow Wilson, being a College Professor, would as a consequence be a poor candidate for President.

College Professors run sometimes to being impractical, but here again you have their theory upset, and the man who came out flat-footed against allowing his name to be even so much as connected with that of Tammany, emerged from the fight miles ahead of his nearest competitor.

Graft and machine politics may triumph for a space, but if there were enough men clean of heart, and of a high enough purpose, as well as possessed of the ordinary amount of intelligence, we would see have a Woodrow Wilson in control of the Alberta House.

Out to the North West, and over the hill in St. Albert, another woman, Mrs. Hogan, is wrestling with a news-aper proposition.

She call her sheet the St. Albert News, and in its editorial columns I find a rare amount of good plans, editing, and sterling common sense.

Mrs. Hogan's venture strikes me as a particularly plucky one.

In villages like St. Albert, of that size, perhaps I should say, plain speaking and fearless thinking rarely pay.

Some clique, or some High Muckety-Muck, usually holds a St. Albert in thrall.

Sometimes it is a Church influence, sometimes a politician, sometimes just the general narrow views of the community.

Here in Edmonton there has grown up an element of culture and independent thought, that makes a paper such as the Saturday Mirror, a possibility.

I write to gratify no sectional prejudice or politician, I don't go to church to collar any church influence. I don't hang in with anyone or anything. I don't smooth over the faults of the community, or anybody at someone's dictation, or get after Somebody else.

Because, thank a kind fortune, in a city one can, with an effort, call one's soul one's own.

In a St. Albert, though—the odds are fearfully against you.

Some dear politician's lady may not like the hang of your skirt, or your French accent.

Alas! You are at once undone.

Perhaps your cranberry jelly for the church social would win up to the mark.

Tragedy often follows in the wake of such a catastrophe.

The Ladies' Aid may not approve of what you write, or the Busy Bess take exception to your known views on Bernard Shaw.

I have lived in a St. Albert myself and know what near-suffocation it can mean.

To have the delight then of picking up a sister-journal and running across an editorial such as the one I have written, is a treat as rare as it is delightful.

Being a French hamlet may I venture, Regardes?

The cultured person expects too much of a newspaper and contrasts it with the masterpieces of literature which the public might read instead of these. They forget that the main purpose of a newspaper is to give the news, and that in doing so it performs a function of the modern state. The diffusion of news does not necessarily increase the intelligence of those who read it, but the modern state exists not because its citizens are superior in intelligence to the citizens of the Romans, but because they have in the press a superior machinery for the diffusion of political knowledge and so a political power. Needless to say, with this change the press has a duty to perform, a duty in which it can only be supported by the conscience of the community.

It is a good thing that does not want the truth nor get it from its newspapers. A people hungry for flattery and vulgar excitement will support only the newspaper that supplies what it demands. No mechanical invention can construct the evil that is in men's minds; the best of them are edged tools in the hands of those who use them.

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EDMONTON

## I Heard Rather a Good One

The delegates waited on the floor. "We want to notice you," said the spokesman, "that we are going out on strike. We demand shorter hours."

"What's the matter?" asked the Boss. "Is sixty minutes too long?"

The Hero—Ah, my boy, when I played I met the audience too few times to leave the house. When I played I met the audience (continuing) "What's the matter?" asked the Boss. "Is sixty minutes too long?"

I have decided to quit smoking, said Mr. Higgins, seriously. Doctor's orders? I don't make out the report, don't you, sergeant?

"He who puts his hand to the plow and looks back, the angels will curse him." "What is he to do when he gets to the end of a furrow?" asked the auditor in the blue jean overalls.

The great bull had been given, and Mrs. Noose was running over the bill with her husband. When it was found that they totalled \$2,000, Mr. Noose-sighed.

"By ginger, Maria!" he ejaculated. "It's a pile of muck!" "We have to do it, Mike, to get into society," replied Mrs. Noose. "Well," said the old man, scratching his head, "judging from results I don't seem to me that we're getting into society quite so much as society is getting into us."

A rural educator tells the story of a man who crawled into a sack in a thunder storm, whereupon the moisture swelled the log so that he could not get out again. But he remembered that he had not paid his subscription to the local paper, and felt so small and mean that he slipped out again.

We have always doubted the merit of this story as used by local papers. Thirty years ago the present writer, then engaged on a county weekly in Ontario, clipped the item with the intention of using it, but decided not to do so. His reasons never have been stated to print until now, although he has thought the matter over hundreds of times since, on seeing the item in his favorite weeklies.

The fault with the incident is that the moral of it is a wrong one. The man wanted to get out of the sack. He was enabled to do so, solely because of the fact that he had neglected to pay his subscription for the local paper. Had he been a paid-up subscriber, he would have perished under the log and nobody in this day would have known what had become of him. Or, even if the log had rotted long ago, which seems probable, the skeleton would not have been recognized as that of a respectable, paid-up subscriber, but would probably have been sent to Dr. Colquhoun and tucked in the Normal School Museum as that of a mound builder.

This hollow log story should be put out of print. It must have done fatal mischief, causing the thousands of men to avoid paying up their subscriptions so that they could have a way of escape if caught like that. There is crying need for a better story. The Canadian Press Association meets in this city annually, and might offer a suitable prize for a better story to take its place. Toronto Star.

Mrs. Jipes, I think I have heard you say you have a cousin in the regular army. He is an officer, I presume. Yes, he holds some responsible position, but I don't know exactly the nature of it. When he wrote to me last he said he was in the guardhouse, whatever that is.

Her Legal Adviser—Madam, you have had three husbands and every one of them either went crazy or turned out to be worthless. Yet you are thinking of marrying again? Fair Client—Yes, sir, I want a safe and sane fourth.

Hinks—I'm getting along fine, doctor, you need not have stopped in this morning. Doctor—Oh, I was over to see Jones and thought I'd just drop in and kill two birds with one stone.

Romantic Husband—Ah, how I'd like to be back again on the old fur. Promote Wife—Huh! But I notice you had no desire to be back until I know the hard work was done.

Was your garden a success last year? Great Scott, yes! My neighbor's chickens took all the prize at the poultry show.

It was a very hot day and a picnic had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians. They were comfortably seated and waiting for the kettle to boil, when a horror of horrors! a savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild roar was made for safety, while the routing creature bounded after one lady who, unfortunately had a red parasol, by good fortune she slipped over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here I have been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you!"

For a number of years a bitter feud existed between the Hillers and the Perkins, next-door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the degradation of Brown's cat and had grown so fierce an affair that

neither party ever dreamed of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent by his servant a peace-making note for Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say his old cat died this morning."

Mr. Perkins's written reply was bitter. "Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

Dutch Comedian—I played Hamlet once. Chorus—Did you have a long run? Dutch Comedian—About three miles.

"There's a dead horse on Keeselake street," announced a Brooklyn patrolman, coming into the station after his day on duty.

"Well, make out a report," ordered the sergeant.

"Why, you make out the report, don't you, sergeant?" "I don't make out your own report. You've passed your own service examinations."

Mike equipped himself with a pen and began scratching laboriously. Presently the scratching stopped. "Sergeant," he asked, "how do you spell Keeselake?"

"Given. You're writing that report." "An interval of silence. Then, 'Sergeant, how do you spell Keeselake to street?'"

"Stop bothering me," the sergeant ordered. "I'm no information bureau."

Pretty soon the patrolman got up, clasped on his helmet, and started for home. "Where you goin'?" demanded the sergeant.

"To see a doctor that dead horse" around into Myrtle avenue," said the patrolman.

It was in a little country town in the west of England, says the first Mirror, and Mr. Goodman, excellent citizen and hard-headed man, allowed himself, much against his own will, to be chosen mayor for the fourth time. After the event, he met Mr. Jones, one of his warmest admirers, who shook him heartily by the hand.

"I'm right sorry, Mr. Mayor," said the worthy citizen, "that you've put me to the trouble of officiating for another term, with all your many calls and worries of business; a far worse man would have suited us—but that was just the trouble. We couldn't find him—and it's my opinion as he ain't to be found."

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride on her first trip to market.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."

Teacher—Now, Henry, if your father should come home with five, and give you your mother one-half of that, what would she have?

Henry—hat. Two country youths were on a visit to London. They went into the first museum and saw a mummy, over which hung a card on which was printed: "It is 47."

They were so excited, and one said: "What do you make of that, Sam?" "Well," said Sam, "I should say it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

## JEWELS

His hair was gold, her teeth were pearl. Her lips were ruby red. She was a jewel of an girl, and had an ivory head.

## Professional and Business.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1912

## In the Field of Investment

The announcement that has been made this week about the plans of the Peace River and Eastern Railway appears almost too good to be true. We are not accustomed in this country to railway schemes, particularly those of a colonization character, which go ahead without large requests being first made for government aid. There is no word as yet of any proposals being made along this line by the company in question, and it is claimed that it will have a line built from Edmonton to Peace River crossing inside of two years. Just as soon as this done a branch will be built to Fort McMurray then another to Hudson Bay.

Large settlement and milling plants are said to be included in the scheme so that by the time the line is reached there will be a flourishing population along the line of route that will be ready to ship products out to British Columbia by way of that body of water.

The active heads of the enterprise are Mr. H. Munkett King and Mr. E. O. Nykyst of Montreal, Mr. J. H. Williams as the engineer in charge at Edmonton.

Various scenes of men prominent in financial life in the Old Land are mentioned in connection with the project, which would indicate that the move means the invasion of Canada by a powerful and powerful group of British capitalists. It may involve big things for Edmonton.

The Edmonton, Dunvegan and B. C. Railway, commonly known as the Mr. Arthur line has been pushing ahead its work with a fair degree of rapidity considering the nature of the season. Its terminals are in view of the St. Albert road on the east side. A six stall roundhouse is now under way. The steel for the first 120 miles is now in the yards.

October brought the building permits for 1912 up to \$12,066,287, as compared with less than three million and a half in 1911. Bank clearings for the ten months go \$21,310,259, as compared with \$12,552,256 in 1911. The total is two million and a half in advance of Ottawa and less than four million and a half dollars behind Calgary. It is half a million in advance of Calgary's 1911 figures. The two Alberta cities have, it is apparent, made their hold a permanent one on the division next to the four leading cities of the Dominion.

In ten months the Edmonton customs receipts show an increase over a year ago of no less than 122 percent. Nothing could speak more eloquently than do these figures of the expansion that the present year has brought about. And there is not the slightest indication that there will be any cessation of this rate of progress in the immediate future.

The only thing that the city has great reason to complain of at the moment is the suspension of the back level bridge. Much loss and inconvenience is being caused and it should be possible to bring pressure to bear to secure a resumption of the work. The loss of over a month at this the most favorable time of the year for work, must mean a serious delay in completing the structure beyond the time when this was promised.

Much interest attaches to the street railway department's extension plans for next year. Its latest recommendation is the building of a line along Alberta Avenue to join the extension to the G. T. P. shops and this complete a belt.

A considerable improvement will be made of the C. N. R. depot this next spring.

The C. N. R. estimates that there has been a sixty per cent. drop in increase along its line from Humboldt to Edmonton over last year.

The Hudson's Bay Co. is rushing ahead the large warehouse being erected to the north of the present store, and a six-storey addition to the latter will be made to the south of the lane, while another storey will be added to the central building.

The report of Mr. Murrell, city planner, will be available shortly. It is understood that he will recommend the utilization of the three blocks north of the post office, that is two more besides the market square as a civic centre. The scheme is a fine one. The Saturday News for years advocated the utilization of the square for this purpose, and it would be all the better if the large plans could be adopted.

The Toronto World records the following record real estate transaction in that city:

The James Building and land, at the northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, one of the most prominent properties in the Dominion, has been sold by Sir Edmund Osler and the Dominion Bank to John and L. M. Wood of Toronto and Montreal, for a sum exceeding a million dollars and probably for \$1,150,000. Osler Limited, who negotiated the deal, the largest estate property transaction in the city, refuse to give the actual sale price. Sir Edmund Osler bought the property less than two years ago for \$750,000. The assessment on the land is \$125,000 and on the building \$25,000. The King street frontage is 84 feet and the Yonge street frontage is 112 feet. The structure is five storeys high and will be completed in 1913.

Figuring the consideration at a million and a quarter dollar, which was the actual figure of the sale as Mr. Osler would come, the property, lying on the King Street frontage, sold at \$15,000 a foot. Three years ago Mr. Osler, it is said, offered the property to English people at \$100,000, but at that time the future of Toronto (since property was not appreciated in the Old Country).

A short time ago a newspaper man from the United States, who had indulged in a trip throughout Western Canada, stated in his descriptive article after returning to his home city, that the men of Western Canada were practically all real estate men with a love for money and wealth, but yet strictly honest. He also stated that he was even surprised at the straightforwardness of several he had met in regard to real estate, and the citizens of Calgary were included in the list of cities which possessed a high calibre of business promoters. Now comes a new story, which goes to prove that the writer of the article was right. Right here in Calgary there is a man named V. S. Shephard, an old timer of Alberta, who has proven that men who do well here are only too willing to pay what they owe, even if year-clause between the time the debt is incurred and the time of payment.

Mr. Shephard was in this province in 1908, was a real estate agent, carrying on a large business in Lethbridge and other parts of the province. When the slump came in real estate, Shephard left Lethbridge, where he was living and also left a large number of creditors. Now Shephard has returned and is living in Calgary, and his solicitors here have been given strict instructions to write to the city police in towns and cities where he owed money, stating that Shephard is willing and in a position to make restitution for all claims against him.

After Shephard left the south he went to Vancouver, and to Seattle, where his career was very successful. At the coast he made money in real estate and is now comfortably off, but he didn't forget those he owed and the creditors are now being paid off with interest. — Calgary News-Telegram.

After an absence of several months, during which time he has toured Great Britain and the United States, Dr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, editor of the British Columbia Magazine and Canadian representative for several prominent English newspapers, has returned to Vancouver. The greater part of the holiday was spent in England, where Dr. Vrooman attended to various important business projects which, if consummated, he anticipates will redound to the benefit of the province.

Touching upon important issues now under consideration by the Canadian chamber of commerce in London, Dr. Vrooman referred to the strong movement that is being launched to protect British investments in Canada and vice versa.

It was alleged that some of the atrocious and altogether misrepresented swindles that the British capitalists had been subjected to at the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous individuals, tended to depreciate first-class investments on the London market. Dr. Vrooman earnestly hoped that western cities will co-operate with the London Canadian chamber of commerce with regard to such matters that vitally affect the Dominion.

A three storey structure is to be erected next year on Thirtieth street near the tracks by the Petrie Manufacturing Co., the well known Ontario cream separating firm. It will be used for distributing and assembling purposes.

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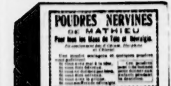
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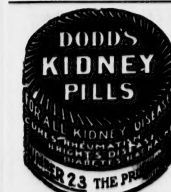
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## IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

We would all like to have seen Alberta win the game at Winnipeg on Saturday. The champion Tigers at last succeeded in pulling it off. But the view of one very exceptional incident, it is just as well that Winnipeg won. A Calgary player was knocked unconscious with the ball in his hands. A Winnipegger took it away from him and went over for a try. Technically it would have been allowed to count. The referee ruled to that effect, but the Winnipeg captain declined to accept the advantage.

The referee's decision, one that has been very often discussed in connection with baseball. One school of thought contends that everything that the rules allow should be taken advantage of, no matter whether it does not seem ordinary considerations of fairness and good sportsmanship are violated entirely.

The principal exponent of these tactics was Mike Kelly. But we do not like to see them extended to other games and Captain Mair of the Winnipeg team really did win for Canada Rugby on Saturday that he could possibly have done by winning a series of matches. Let's hope that the example which he has given will not be lost on others.

Dismissing revelations have been made in the Old Country regarding the Rugby teams there. It has been shown that supposed amateurs are really semi-professionals, who are always worse than the professional players. The most recent game in which played wholly by the latter in the big league.

From what we hear of it, it does not seem to be as well managed as the professional game of this continent. Cases of revulsion on the part of both crowds and players are clearly being discussed in the news papers.

There are certain suggestions for increasing its interest to the public. These are the nature of them:

1. Abolish the present system of remunerating players by a regular wage, and substitute a system by which payments are made to the winning side only.

2. Do away with most of the present ludicrous restrictions regarding fouls.

3. Permit players to be substituted at any time for those injured.

Let every player be compelled to wear his boxing gloves and be allowed to employ them while the match is in progress under the usual regulations applying to pugilistic contests, and we should have no more of the decline of football.

"We must revise something of the old traditional spirit. When a man is bowled over, let the spectators turn their thumbs up or down as their sympathies direct. If the verdict is against the fallen one, let the victor jump on his face for a while. This would delight the crowd without hurting anyone. One booter after another will be trained to stand like a king of the ring."

There are not wanting signs that football is already beginning to lose its grip. A friend of mine who has followed the game closely for twelve years absented himself from an important match a week ago in order to attend a Church bazaar. Why not substitute for the present leather ball a stout empty tin can? The game might then become more thrilling, more noisy and more dangerous and therefore more attractive to the general public.

The Edmonton Cricket League is to hold another smother shortly, which promises to be even a greater success than that of last year. There is no question that the League has already done much for the game in the city and will do a great deal more. If all the other cities would only do as much, there would be no reason to complain of the progress which cricket is making in Canada.

If the project of bringing an Australian team here next season goes through it will help a very great deal and prepare the way for participation in the game in the Old Land. That something is really likely to be done is shown by the speech which the Australian manager made at the banquet to his team in Victoria the other night. Here is the report that appeared in one of the papers:

"The speaker of the evening was, of course, Mr. Benjamin, who took his audience into his entire confidence with reference to his intention of bringing a crack team from Australia to play the summer of 1912 on the North American continent. He said he had arranged to bring Mr. Trumper and Mr. Armstrong in addition to several in the room, naming Mr. Gregory, Mr. Henry and Mr. White. He hoped to have five 'test' matches and those who play will be chosen from among the provinces, their selection depending on their record and that alone. He went thoroughly into details and said Canada could almost expect him back with his team inside of five months."

The Illustrated Dramatic and Sport News in the course of its review of the English cricket season says: "Take all round, there have been no better players than J. B. Hobbins and F. E. Woolley, who have performed splendid feats for England, as well as for their respective counties and other sides. Their success, no matter what the character of the engagement, has been consistent, and it would not be too much to describe Woolley as the finest all-round player of the year. In bowling, as in batting, he has proved himself capable of rising to the occasion of an international struggle, and it is certain that he has had no superior as a fieldman. As a transfer player and simple batsman he has been successful. Of the men who have bowled more than 100 overs, he stands first in the averages, which is a remarkable performance considering that he has the most trying matches of all the test engagements. There can be no doubt that, if he had appeared regularly in first-class cricket, he would have finished with wonderful figures. Even might he have approached the late Tom Richardson's record of 275 wick-

ets in a season. Barnes took part in only a few first-class matches, and yet finished 12 wickets at an average cost of 11.33 runs.

We hardly realize from reading the despatches that a poor showing the Canadian professional champion, Eddie Burman, made recently in his sculling match against Harry of Thames. Here is a part of the London Mail's account:

The fastest race ever seen over the championship, — so was that which took place yesterday for the sculling championship of the world, the championship of England, and stakes of £250 a side, between Ernest Barry, of England, the holder of the two championships, and Eddie Burman, of Canada, the holder of the American championship.

Judging by his display yesterday Burman has no claim to be ranked as a sculler worthy to compete for the championship. The affair was a mere exercise paddle for Harry, who had to drop to a leisurely 20 to the minute after Hammermith and 19 other famous rowers in order not to make too great an exhibition of the Canadian. The most remarkable feature of the whole affair was the fact that Burman, a veteran of wars, who has never been in a first-class sculler, should consider it worth his while to make the journey to England and risk his stake of £250. The fact that he holds the championship of America speaks volume as to the low state to which professional sculling has fallen on the other side of the Atlantic.

Burman's sculling lacked almost everything essential for form and pace. He relied entirely on arm work and failed to make proper use of his side. His short strokes were jerky and uneven, and although he worked much harder than Barry, he never got much pace. Barry sculled in his usual polished style, but he was not extended sufficiently to show his real form. He is a worthy holder of the championship, and it is to be hoped that if Pearce of Australia comes over next year, as anticipated, he will give a race that will enable him to show his undoubted merits.

The problem is not a very acute one in this country, for obvious reasons, but in Britain sculling authorities have been doing a good deal of worrying over the matter. The way in which the discussion has been taken up makes one realize what a hold golf has obtained in the Old Land.

Some clubs, particularly in Scotland, are in the habit of employing men exclusively, but in the South this practice does not exist to any great extent, owing to the financial strain which would be entailed in paying a man's wages.

The boys, then, are usually turned off at the age of 18. Some are allowed to enter the Army, and a few remain in the game, possibly to earn good money as professionals, but the majority are forced to seek occupations in which they have no special aptitude, and the worst of it is that their previous employment on the links has entitled them for regular work. The caddy always has to wait a good deal between his rounds and it is indeed estimated that he is actively employed for less than half the time which he has to spend in attendance. This naturally gives him the feeling that it is for the cure of this that some of the most important recommendations have been made.

Efforts are already being made by several clubs. At Hanger Hill, two and a half acres of ground have been converted into a market garden for the specific purpose of providing caddies with employment when they are not required on the links, and a skilled caddy has been engaged to instruct them. Produce is sold to the club members, and not profits are divided among the boys according to the work they have done. The Edinburgh authorities have made a substantial start. At Rosedale Park land has also been given by the club in order that the boys may be taught horticulture, and the caddy has been engaged to instruct them. The caddy has been set up for instruction in carpentry, and at several other places gardens have recently been made with a view to the employment of spare time.

## RECORD PRICE FOR POETRY

The highest price ever paid for poetry was \$375 a line, James Smith of "Rejected Addresses" fame, being the fortunate recipient. One evening at dinner he met Richard Strachan, the King's printer, who, although badly crippled with gout, conversed so brightly that Smith sent him the following tribute:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout

When last I saw you walk. The cause I presently found out. When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's strength,

In due proportion spread, In you mounts upwards, and the strength

At settled in the head.

On receiving this, Strachan added in a cough to his wit, leaving the author £5,000 as a reward for his poem.

Lock Not To The Past Turn not thine eyes upon the backward way.

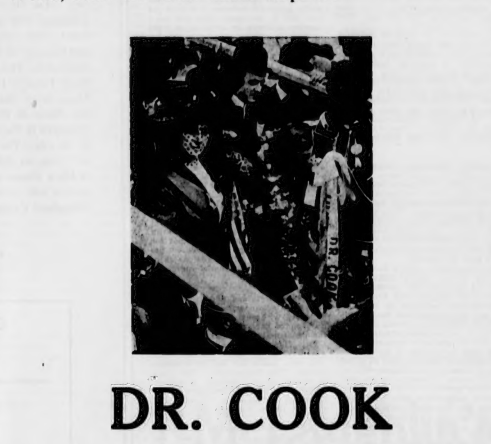
Let us look forward into sunny days:

Welcome with joyous heart the victory,

Forget what it has cost thee —Schiller.

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do so." As to this Mr. Legge comments:

